PZ 8
.3
.B675
F
Copy 1

CHRISTMAS EVE SERIES.

FRISKY THE SQUIRREL.

Copyrighted 1889

McLOUGHLIN BRO'S
NEW-YORK

PZ 8
.3
.B675
F

FRISKY, THE SQUIRREL.

BY C. E. B.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.
Chap. 33 Copyright No.
Shelf
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

ONE day a wounded squirrel lay
Half dead upon the ground;
A hunter passing with his gun,
The little creature found.

Young Archie Gray, of Fawley Hall,
Was also in the wood,
And begged that he might take it home
To save it, if he could.

The hunter shook his head in doubt;
"'Twas too far gone," he said,
He fear'd that ere the morning came,
The squirrel would be dead.

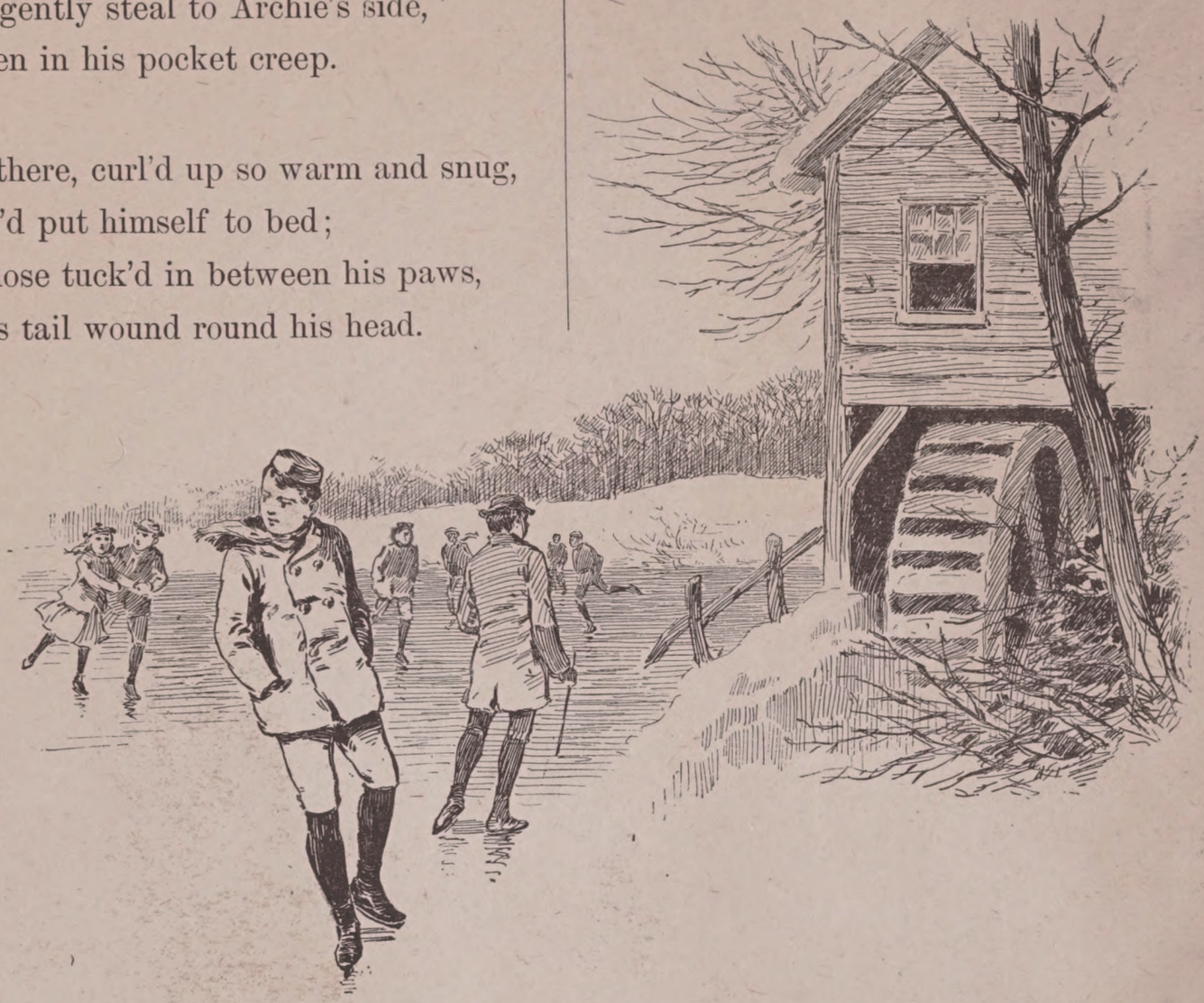
But care and skill will wonders work;
And I am glad to tell,
That very soon through Archie's care,
It grew quite strong and well.

Ere long the merry little thing
Was sociable and tame,
And being very frolicksome,
"Frisky" became its name.

He'd spring and gambol round the room,
Performing antics droll;
Or climb, and gravely take his seat
Upon the curtain pole.

When, wearied out with all his play,
He felt inclined to sleep,
He'd gently steal to Archie's side,
Then in his pocket creep.

And there, curl'd up so warm and snug,
He'd put himself to bed;
His nose tuck'd in between his paws,
His tail wound round his head.



Summer and Autumn pass'd away
Frisky was six months old;
When suddenly a frost set in;
The air grew keen and cold.

The old folks shiv'ring, drew their chairs
Close to the warm fireside;
The young ones hasten'd to the ponds,
Rejoiced to skate and slide.

And many gather'd on the banks
The pleasant sight to see,
Of skaters gliding o'er the ice
So quick and merrily.

Now Archie thought that he should like
To try and learn to skate,
Though quite aware that many falls
At first would be his fate.

"Young Archie Gray, of
Fawley Hall,
Was also in the wood
And begged that he
might take it home
To save it if he could."

"As soon as Archie tried
his skates,
He got a desp'rate fall -
A fate awaiting every
one
Who cannot skate
at all!"

FRISKY, THE SQUIRREL.

He knew a pond near Carlton wood,
About a mile from home;
And there he thought he'd go, because
No other boys would come.

His mother warn'd him to be sure
And leave before 'twas dark;
And not to take the public road,
But go across the park.

Protected well against the cold,
Young Archie walk'd away;
Whilst in the pocket of his coat
The little squirrel lay.

As soon as Archie tried his skates,
He got a desperate fall—
A fate awaiting ev'ry one
Who cannot skate at all!

Poor Frisky getting bump'd and thump'd,
Squeak'd out with fright and pain,
And Archie thought it would not do
To serve him thus again.

So slipping off his over-coat,
In which the squirrel lay,
He placed it gently on the ground,
Supposing he would stay.

Frisky, more frighten'd far than hurt,
Lay curl'd up like a ball,
Indulging in a fit of sulks,
Because he'd had a fall.

Then Archie hasten'd back to skate,
And in his heart was glad,
No one was standing by to see
The tumbles that he had.

But as he wisely persever'd,
He grew expert at last;
And 'twas with much regret he found
His time of leave was past.

To fetch the squirrel and his coat
Was now the boy's first care;
Imagine then his great dismay
To find he was not there!

He search'd about, but not a trace
Of Frisky could he see;
Except some nut-shells he had left
Beneath a neighb'ring tree.

But suddenly whilst there he sat,
He caught his master's eyes;
Who, shouting joyfully, ran off,
Hoping to seize his prize.

At home, he always used to come
In answer to his name;
But now, though Archie loudly call'd,
No little Frisky came.

Yet all this time upon a gate
Which led within the wood,
Scarcely a stone's throw from the pond,
A little figure stood.

'Twas Frisky, brandishing his tail
And looking round with glee;
Most likely thinking to himself,
"How sweet is liberty!"

"No, no," thought Frisky, "free I am,
And free I mean to be!"
So, just as Archie reach'd the gate,
He sprang upon a tree.

Over the gate with lightning speed
His eager master flew,
No farther could he follow him,
The cunning squirrel knew.

So, climbing to an upper branch,
He sat there quite at ease,
Seeming as if he thought it fun
His master thus to tease.

For as poor Archie stood below,
In very mournful case,
The rogue threw down some wither'd leaves
Upon his upturn'd face!

And then from tree to tree he sprang,
Thinking it famous fun
To keep his master going too
As fast as he could run.

The wood was getting very dark,
For now 'twas nearly night;
No longer could poor Archie keep
The squirrel in his sight.

His heart was sad and sorrowful,
He felt all hope was o'er;
Frisky, too charm'd with liberty,
Would come again no more!

Another trouble now arose,
He found he'd lost his way;
And fear'd that in the lonely wood
He all night long must stay.

Fill'd with alarm, the boy began
Most bitterly to cry;
He dreaded lest perhaps with cold
And hunger he should die.

Two long hours pass'd, yet there he was,
Still toiling to and fro;
As far as ever from the point
To which he ought to go.

His teeth were chatt'ring with the cold,
His fingers numb'd by frost;
And dreadful stories fill'd his mind
Of people who'd been lost.

At length he sunk upon the ground,
Completely wearied out;
His limbs felt stiff, his strength was gone
From wandering about.

Now very soon the moon arose,
With soft and silv'ry light;
And full of comfort to the boy
Was such a cheering sight.

He found that close beside him stood
A large old hollow tree;
And thought that if he crept inside,
Much warmer he would be.

Some of the bark had crumbled off,
Leaving an opening wide;
And, putting in his hand, he found
A heap of leaves inside.

These, being very soft and dry,
Would serve him for a bed;
But Archie would not go to rest
Before his prayers were said.

How thankfully he call'd to mind
That God could hear a prayer,
Offer'd from church, or house, or wood—
For God is ev'rywhere.

He knelt with boyish confidence,
Protection to implore;
And when he rose, no longer felt
As lonely as before.

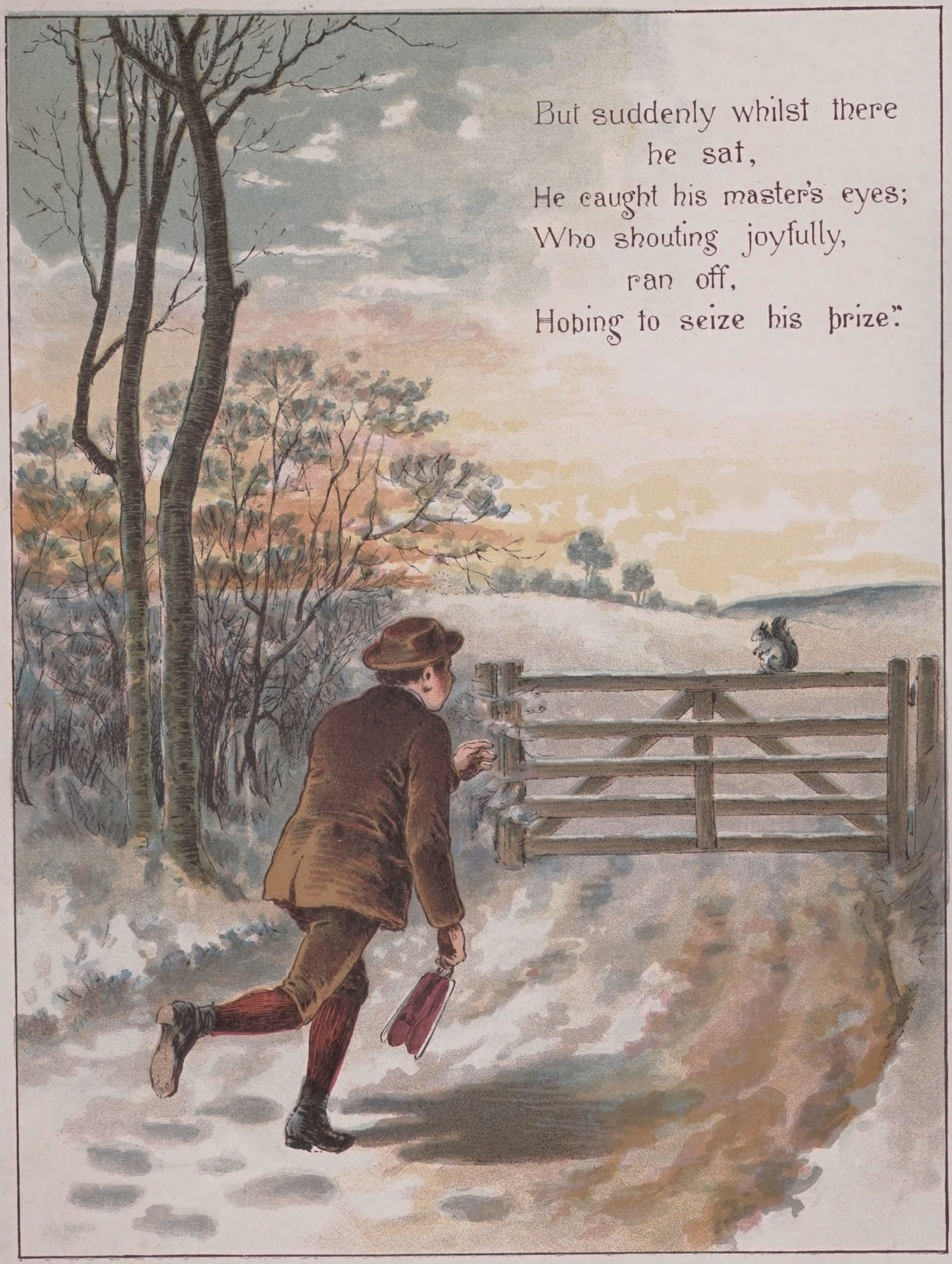
Then through the op'ning I have nam'd
Within the tree he crept,
And soon upon his leafy bed
He comfortably slept.

At home, his absence after dark
Had caused intense alarm,
Lest some occurrence unforseen,
Had brought the boy to harm.

And anxiously they sallied forth,
And sought him all around;
But long in vain—no trace of him
Could anywhere be found.

At length his father, in the search,
The hollow tree espied;
He held his lantern to the hole,
And threw its light inside.

A joyful sight it must have been
His truant boy to see,
Unhurt and safe, and slumb'ring sound,
Within the shelt'ring tree.


But suddenly whilst there
he sat,
He caught his master's eyes;
Who shouting joyfully,
ran off,
Hoping to seize his prize."

All of a sudden Archie
starts,
Then gives a joyous shout,
No wonder! from his
coat behold,
The squirrel has
sprung out.

"Archie, my lad!" the father cried,
"You've found a cosy place
In which to sleep, whilst giving me
A very anxious chase!

"Wake up! wake up! and let us haste
To calm your mother's fear;
And tell me, as we walk along,
What can have brought you here!"

Archie arous'd, was quite perplex'd
To think where he could be;
He wonder'd much to find himself
Inside a hollow tree!

But as his memory recall'd
All that had lately pass'd,
Thankful, indeed, was he to know
That help had come at last.

And then he told them how he'd tried
To follow Frisky's flight;
And wandering on, had been at length
O'ertaken by the night.

'Tis scarcely needful here to tell
How great his mother's joy,
When safe and sound within her arms
She found her missing boy.

Welcome to Archie's dazzled eyes
The cheerful room and light,
And not less welcome, we suspect,
His supper was to-night.

But more than ever now he miss'd
His merry little pet;
He thought of all his winning ways
And antics with regret.

They both had liv'd so happily
Companions day by day;
He felt as though a friend he lov'd
Were taken quite away.

All of a sudden Archie starts,
Then gives a joyous shout;
No wonder! From his coat behold,
The squirrel has sprung out!

. there he'd been, he never thought
Of running quite away;
Though he had teased his master thus,
It all had been in play.

High on a branch he kept a watch
On Archie down below;
And saw him when the moon appear'd
Within the old tree go.

All fun was over now; he knew
'Twas time to be in bed;
And found it very cold to sit
Upon a bough instead.

At length he thought he'd scramble down
Within the tree to peep;
Where, as the reader is aware,
Archie was fast asleep.

At once the cunning fellow saw
The best thing he could do,
Would be to creep within the hole,
And go to sleep there too!

He mov'd so very noiselessly,
No sound had Archie heard;
Though Frisky slid inside his coat,
He neither woke nor stirr'd.

So all this time, whilst he suppos'd
His little pet had fled,
There he was lying, warm and snug
Within his usual bed.

And now he made him understand
By signs which Archie knew,
That, having fasted like himself,
He wanted supper too.

He stretch'd his limbs, and washed his face,
As soon as he'd been fed,
Then he and Archie, both tired out,
Were glad to go to bed.

'Tis said, as Frisky older grew,
He learnt to mend his ways,
And never after this event
Play'd truant all his days.

I've finished now, my little friends,
The tale I had to tell,
And, hoping that you have been amused,
I bid you all farewell.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 002 546 321 3